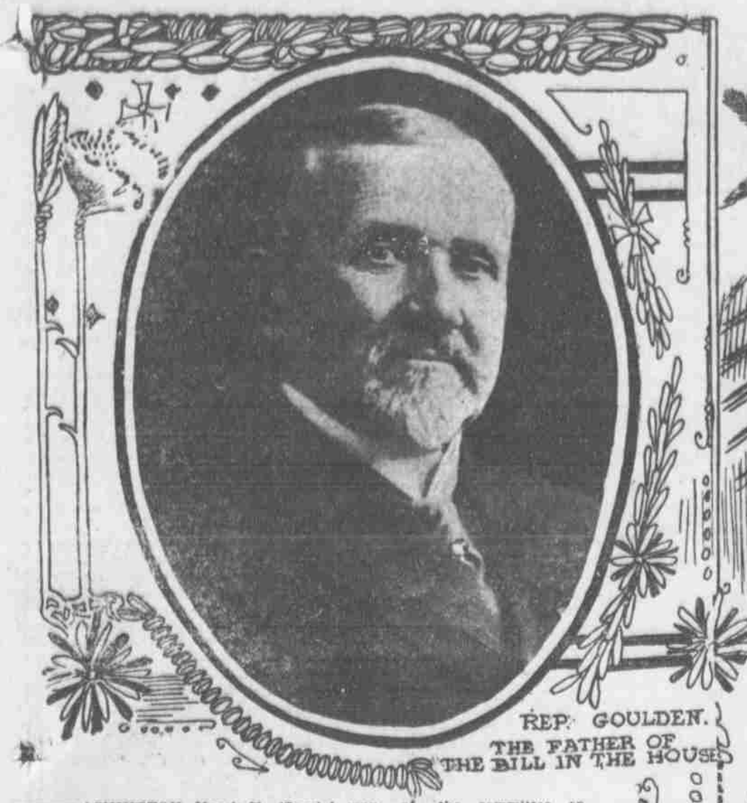
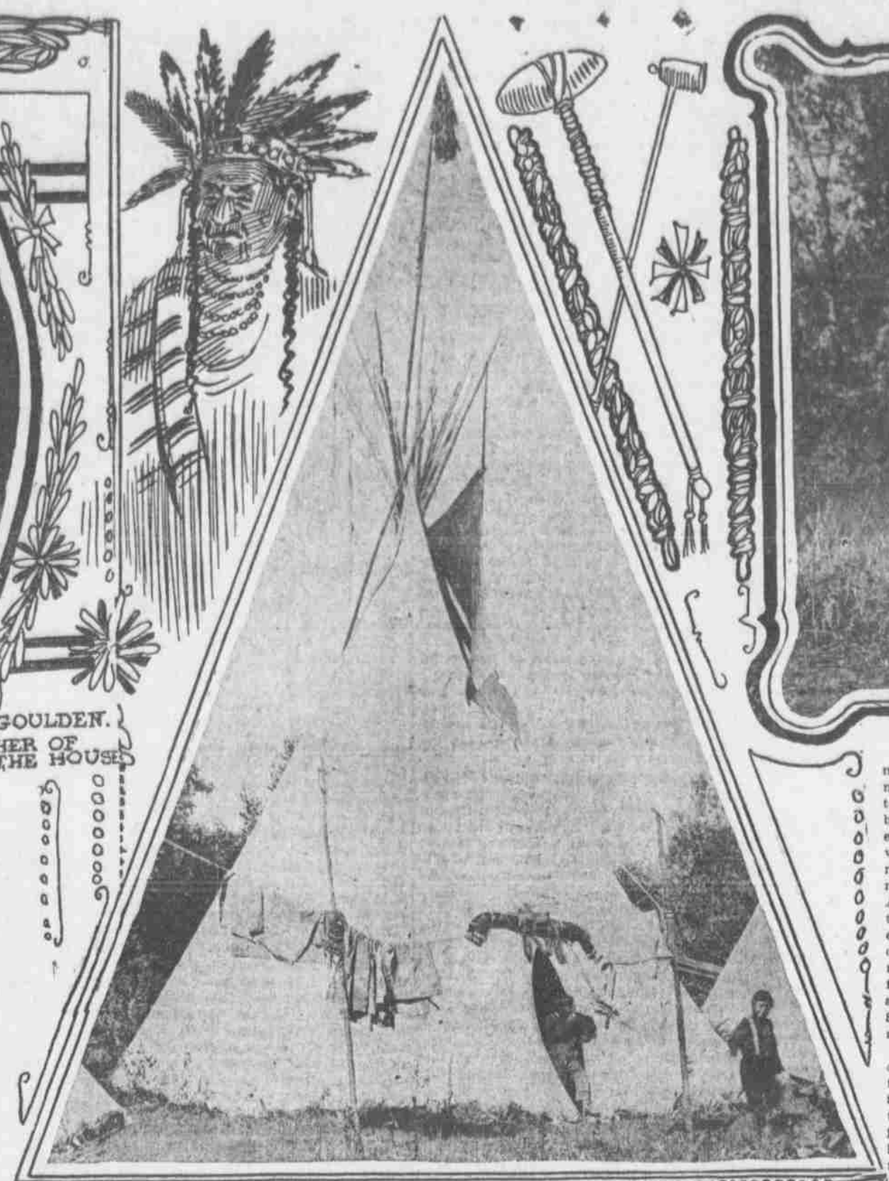
National Monument to the Indian as North America's Earliest Settler



REP. GOULDEN.
THE FATHER OF THE BILL IN THE HOUSE



INDIAN TEPEE.

CURLEY GEN. CUSTERS SCOUT.

WASHINGTON, March 26.—(Special Correspondence.)—No monument or memorial of any kind stands upon the soil of America in honor of its original owners. No tribute has been paid to the noble red man, although many individuals, chieftains, warriors and statesmen in bronze, friends of the white invaders have been honored by statues and other forms of monuments in different parts of the country.

A bill is now pending before congress which, if passed at this session, will be a tardy reparation to the original occupant of our land. The bill, which has been introduced in both hourses of congress, provides for a colossal statue of the North American Indian to be placed in New York harbor. This measure was introduced by Representative Joseph A. Goulden and Senator Chauncey M. Depew of New York, and provides that there shall be erected without expense to the United States government, by Rodman Wanamaker of New York City and others, on a United States reservation in the harbor of New York, a memorial to the memory of the North American Indian. It is further provided that a commission consisting of the chairman of the committee on library of the senate, the chairman of the committee on library of the house and the secretaries of state, war, navy and interior; the attorney general and Robert C. Ogden of New York, representing Mr. Wanamaker, who is abroad, shall be created, with full authority to select the site in the harbor of New York and a suitable design, and to contract for and superintend the construction of the memorial.

This bill is the result of a suggestion made by Mr. Rodman Wanamaker at a celebrated dinner given last May in New York in honor of Colonel Cody, the famous scout, and if it is passed by congress will serve a two-fold purpose—a permanent and appropriate memorial for a vanishing race and a glowing welcome for the commerce which civilization has developed. The bill is backed by the entire New York delegation in congress as well as receiving the support of the president and vice president and many men prominent in political and financial circles. Very valuable assistance is being given by Senator Owen of Oklahoma and Curtis of Kansas, and Representative Carter of Oklahoma, all of whom trace their ancestry back to the noble red man, and Representative Burke, chairman of Indian affairs in the house.

While the ways and means of providing money to finance the enterprise have not yet been decided upon, it is expected that the statue will be a national monument to perpetuate the memory of the first American, and an opportunity will be given to everyone who desires to contribute; it is estimated that one penny from every man, woman and child in the United States will furnish ample means for its erection.

Already various tribes of the Order of Red Men throughout the United States have taken steps to contribute their share to the general fund. It is planned that each 500 members of the Order of Red Men, represented in the 4,000 tribes in the United States, shall contribute 2 cents each, which would amount to $10,000. A pile of copper cents amounting to $10,000 is far more imposing than a single check for that amount donated by some one individual to whom it would mean so little.

Mr. Wanamaker, who has been a student of Indian affairs for many years is very much interest in the project and has sufficient sentiment to actuate the generous offer of $250,000 as his donation to insure a dignified and appropriate memorial the presentation of at least the outward semblance of a picturesque type, whose wonderful decadence from his former high estate is one of the tragedies of social evolution.

The proposed Indian memorial was no sudden impulse of Mr. Wanamaker. It was a natural sequence of his long study of Indian nature in literature and through the camera and its reception by the people of the country and by government officials has been such that its early consummation may be confidently anticipated and the result will be a national adornment for New York harbor without expense to the government—a typical American art work in subject and in treatment— one that will worthily embody the American sentiment which has applauded it and will at the same time pay due honor to a race which was fast becoming merely a tradition, until its conservation was actively taken in hand.

As to Mr. Wanamaker, it may be justly said that this Indian memorial will simply demonstrate anew the manysideness of the man's nature. As a matter of fact, his interest in the fine arts has antedated his career, as a merchant. Its notable achievements do not call for recapitulation here. It is sufficient to say that they have created ties that are more than business ties between the New World and the old; and that his decoration by the French government in 1907 as a member of the legion of honor was a spontaneous recognition of activities in the field of art which have left their impress on his native land, while they have made his name familiar and respect in all capitals of Europe. More recently the public will remember Mr. Wanamaker's interest in the flood sufferers in Paris, and his generous gift of a loaf of bread to each member of every family in the whole devastated district for thirty days.

Activity in connection with the advance of the several tribes makes the present move all the more pertinent. While the race of red men is not dying out, it is changing so rapidly that the distinctive qualities that have held it apart from civilization will soon disappear. Each year sees the Indian much nearer to the position of a self-sustaining citizen, and on each of the several reservations maintained by the government the work of putting the red man on his own resources is being pushed. It is only a question of time now until the Indian will be a citizen of the United States in fact as well as in name.

Training Servant Maids to Understand the Fine Points of Their Work

NOT long ago a leader of New York's fashionable set proclaimed, and the press of the land heralded it abroad, that above the suffrage and above the increasing cost of living, pre-eminently the woman's problem of the twentieth century, is the "servants" problem. Down in New Jersey a little woman, who has long been a student of home economics, though but little known outside the circles of her own state federation, raised her voice and timidly, but definitely answered back that the servant problem is already well on the way to solution, and that if housewives who must employ other women to help them with the work of their rhomes, will just do a little intelligent co-operating the work to the schools of domestic science so rapidly different and a satisfactory basis in a very few years. Of course, everyone was promptly interested to know what this club of women had to offer, and she pointed to theschools of domestic science so rapidly increasing all over the country, and then advised that special training classes be instituted for women, who make housework a profession.

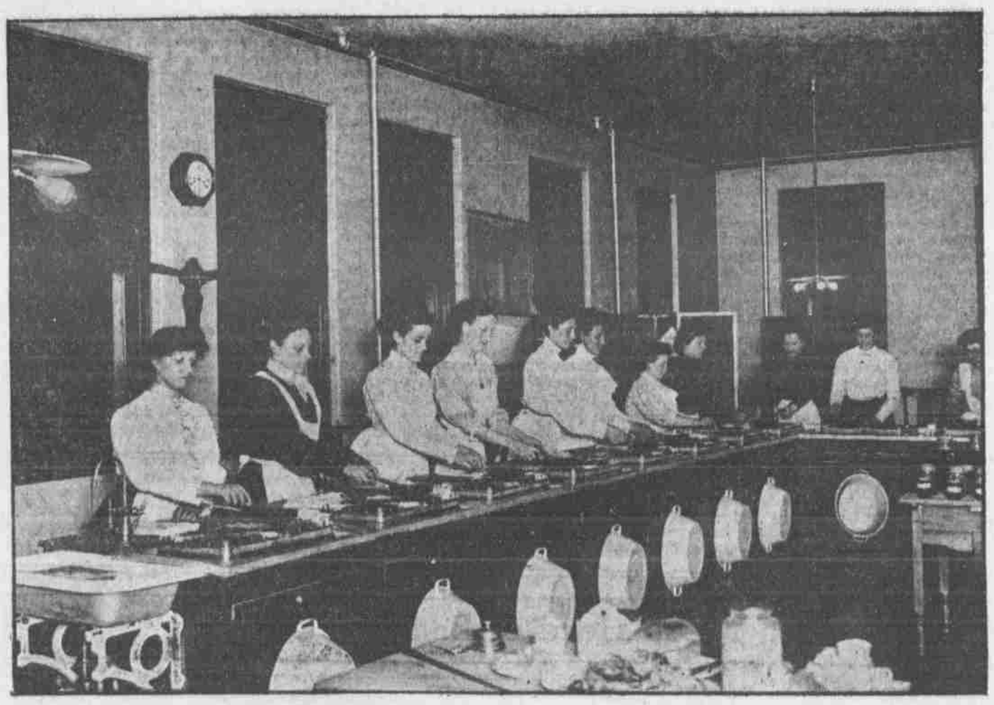
"Give these girls that come to us from other countries, a chance to learn how to do our work, as it should be done and then demand of them some standard of proficiency upon which their remuneration shall be based," she said. "Training schools for servants are proving a boon to housesives abroad and there is no reason why we American women cannot do as they do and profit by their experience."

The French training school for maids has served as a pattern for a plan now being worked out in a small way in the east and the New Jersey club women have taken the lead in extending it. At least three substantially endowed training schools for maids have resulted from the New Jersey women's agitation and a diploma from one of these means something to mistress and maid.

In a quiet way Omaha's Young Women's Christian association is working out the problem along the same lines in its school of domestic science. A maid's course was one of the most carefully arranged in its curriculum, but oddly enough, many mistresses have proven reluctant to have their maids embrace this opportunity. Women employed in domestic service have not yet realized the opportunity the school affords, but the few who have, are making the most of it, and the class is most interesting. Twelve members meet every Wednesday evening from 8 to 10 o'clock in the association building laboratory and here the many details of the culinary department are worked out. Facilities for demonstration could not be more complete. Miss Margaret Coffin is instructor and superior opportunities have made her especially fitted to direct this work.

The course embraces two terms of work in practical cooking and serving and a choice is given between two courses in the spring term. The first course includes instruction in serving formal and informal breakfasts, luncheons and dinners, with practical work in preparation of muffins, biscuits, bread, meats, soups, cake, pastry and desserts. The second course includes the preparation of cereals, fish, poultry, salads, cake, vegetables, cold desserts and the preserving of fruits and vegetables.

It is true that the average maid gains knowledge of all these things in a general way through service, but it is also true that only the occasional maid is sure of her methods or has knowledge that can be vouched for when she makes application for a position.



CLASS IN DOMESTIC ECONOMY AT OMAHA YOUNG WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

In the association laboratory the classes are taught not only the rules, but the way of these rules, and so are intelligently equipped to secure definite results. Demonstration is an important feature of the instruction and proficiency is attained through experience in doing rather than by theory. The equipment is all of the most simple, but the most practical.

The "dummy" luncheon is one of the entertaining and one of the most profitable means of demonstrating and is employed in teaching correct serving. All sorts of meals, from the most simple luncheon to the most elaborate formal course dinner, are served by the class, the members taking their turns. The art of correct serving is one of the most desirable accomplishments of the woman who does general housework, as well as of the woman who confines herself to a more limited line of work. It is one thing to be told how to wait upon a table and quite another thing to do it, and where the knack is acquired through practice in the class, where mistakes are expected and are discussed, confidence and assurance are gained that eliminate embarrassment when it comes to the actual doing. Part of the class make up the dinner party and criticise while other members serve and wait upon the table.

That rare, but admirable, quality of being able to "go ahead" with the work; in other words, the ability to take responsibility is based, to a large extent, upon an intelligent understanding of the work of a house, and the woman who is competent to take responsibility is the one who can command remuneration that makes it worth while for her to equip herself most carefully.

But the courses embrace many other things beside the cooking and serving of meals.

That it matters that the finer linen glass towels are used to handle the hot cooking utensils, or that they and the other tea towels are not thoroughly cleansed after each time using, does not occur to many women who do house work. There are scores of young women employed as domestics that have no idea of the use of holders about the stove or that the several kinds of towels provided in the properly fitted kitchen, are not only a saving of effort, but of time as well if rightly used. A perfectly clean, soft towel is half the secret of cleaning cut glass and china satisfactorily and quickly, and a perfectly clean dish cloth and clean water of the right temperature, is the other half of the secret. That soaking in hot water most readily cleans vessels in which some things have ben cooked, while others are best cleaned by a preliminary soaking in cold water, is another valuable secret that many maids never learn and all of these little things contribute to the big things in the day's routine in house work. The misuse of tea towels means more and harder washing on laundry day, longer and harder rubbing when the dishes are washed and wear and tear that necessitates new towels frequently that must not only be paid for by the mistress, but must be "softened up" by the maid who uses them. Few maids would risk the peril to fragile or even the most substantial china, incidental to promiscuous washing without previous scraping and stacking, if they realized how much easier and quicker it is to wash dishes in clean water. Lack of system is one of the stumbling blocks in house work and lack of system is most often the result of the lack of an intelligent grasp of the work. That it is easier and pleasanter to do things intelligently, knowing why, than to merely do them by rule without knowing why, many women never learn.

To be sure, one lesson a week in a course extending over only a few months does not mean proficiency, but it certainly affords a foundation that with the experience of every day doing insures a degree of proficiency impossible without such training.

But in addition to the specific knowledge gained in these classes standards are established that are, to many young women, even more valuable than proficiency. The difference between the right and the wrong method is made plain in a way that stimulates all to accept the better way and makes them appreciate its value. It establishes a standard, the absence of which, is today the root of half the difficulty in securing or even training satisfactory help in the home.

Perils of "Seeing" Telephone

TWO Frenchmen assert, and they have proofs they claim will pass any consistory, that they have perfected the seeing telephone. It is another long step in the grand march of science.

But who wants a seeing telephone? Now, honestly, women all, do you?

That seeing all things will cause a chain of embarrassments and complications, especially in the rosy days of courtship. Who wants her Reginald calling her early in the morning, to discover that those curls he finds so ravishing are the work of curl papers ☙ bristling curling kids?

Who wants Clarence, who last night raved about the marvel of her milk and roses complexion, to see that in the candid early morning light she is rather sallow?

Who would have her Launcelot see that her dressing sacque is faded and a bit frayed about the sleeves?

Who would let her Harold, who says he fell in love with her sunny temper, see that her alabaster brow is quite capable of a frown when she is called untimely from spreading the butter on her waffles or from driving a close bargain with an about-to-yield dressmaker?

Or suppose the intelligence, that either of these gentlemen conveys by telephone is unwelcome? Almost any woman can control her voice, but almost no woman can keep the shadow of surprise, vexation or disappointment from her face. Some wives may not choose to let their husbands know they are pained—or pleased—by the news that those husbands have an imperative business engagement down town, that engagement to include dinner. Their cooing "Yes, dear," at the other end of the line may betray no emotion, but that seeing telephone will.

Suppose that she is driving one of those close bargains, which have helped to earn for women their reputation as great economists. She may be at the point of yielding to the last price named, when the other bargainer, hearing no sound and fearing that she might lose a customer, names yet a lower price. What if the shrewd tradesmen had seen the signs of yielding in her face? There would have been a bargain lost.

Suppose a woman chooses to tell a fib, a harmless little one, or a justifiable big one, like that which Victor Hugo made the good sister tell in "Les Miserables," to the man at the end of the vibrating line? Would not her expressive face contradict her words?

If one woman calls up another to say she is sorry that she can't come to her bridge party that afternoon, but that she is really dreadfully ill; that she has a frightful toothache. "You should see my face, my dear. It is hideously swollen," and that face under the telephone X-ray looks as serene as the speaker is fit, there will be two more feminine enemies.

The embarrassment of the telephone with the power of sight are countless. Its advantages, it seems are two.

Far away lovers may derive the bliss that can be gathered from scanning each other's features, commonplace to others, but glorified to each other. These long distance flashlights of each other will doubtless make fond pre-matrimonial hearts happier.

And husbands who make strange excuses to their wives for absence from home, will have to stand the searchlight of the inquiring conjugal eye, while they phone their glib regrets, or their invention of sick friends, who kept them out all night.—New York Times.

Quaint Features of Everyday Life

Blind Workman Still Busy.

SO NEARLY blind that he can scarcely distinguish daylight from darkness, James J. Carr of Beverly, N. Y., is working at the Wall Rope works in the midst of machinery where one false step would mean his death, yet he is one of the ablest workmen in the place.

Carr has no fear of making the false step, for with an acute sense of touch he is more careful than those with good sight.

Before Carr lost his vision he was recognized as one of the best ropemakers in the business, and when he applied for his old job, although almost totally blind, the foreman hired him.

Swim or Die.

David Goss was sheriff of Linn county, Kansas, back in the '60s. He was also a union soldier in the civil war.

Just after the Twentieth Kansas returned from the Philippines a reunion of some kind was held in Garfield park, Topeka. One evening a lot of the young soldiers and a few of their "old soldier" friends were sitting about a camp fire swapping yarns and relating insidents of campaigning. Just at that time the incident of swimming the Bag-Bag, at which place Funston and his men won glory, was considered a great feat. Naturally in the course of the conversation around that fire the story was retold.

David Goss was in the group. "That was all right," he said, "but I think that my company in the civil war performed a greater feat. My whole company one day swam the White river, in Arkansas, while under fire—and the Bag-Bag is a creek in comparsion with White river."

Goss went on to tell of the bravery of his company, when a woman in the group, the mother of one of the Twentieth boys, began to protest against Goss' talk that the White river incident laid the Bag-Bag affair in the shade.

"Well, madam," said Goss, "we had a much greater incentive to swim White river than the Twentieth boys had to swim the Bag-Bag. Several hundred of the enemy chased us across, and it was swim or die. We swam."

Soothing the Savage Court.

A young woman lawyer won her first case in Brooklyn the other day, and her client, a man, kissed her when he was acquitted. Speaking of the law, she said: "It's simply great. Before I took it up I was a professional violinist, but I scarcely play at all now. The law gives me no time. Yet, sometimes, I wish I could take my violin into court and play a little Mendelssohn music to the judge before arguing a case. It would act soothingly. Some day, perhaps, I'll try it."

Imagine the Scene.

A Tipton, O., young woman, just before she went to sleep, laid her "rat" on the floor beside the bed. Her father had put out poison for mice in the same room. A mouse ate some of it and crawled into the "rat." He did not eat quite enough to kill him, but he was paralyzed for the time. In the morning, when the young woman was awakened by the arrival of one of her girl friends, she dressed in a hurry and did not examine the "rat" closely before putting it on. It was noon and she was at the dinner table when the mouse recovered from the effects of the poison and jumped from the "rat" to the table. Some new dishes will have to be bought.

Riding the Newlywed.

Chained in a cage, with his face hideously painted, Stacey Balser of Bellefontaine, O., was hauled through the principal streets of that city following his marriage. Members of the Eltholad club overpowered Balser, bound him with chains and placed him in the cage. After the procession the young man was taken, cage and all, into a local theatorium and there placed on the stage before a large audience.

Mark Twain's Halo.

Andrew Carnegie told the reporters in San Francisco a story that concerned himself and Mark Twain.

"Mark Twain and I are firm friends," he said, "and write funny notes to each other—that is, his notes are funny. Just before I left New York I went to see him and he told me that he was having great difficulty in getting any really good Scotch 'work.' Now, I have some that is eighty years old. I gave some to President Harrison once. He had it with him on his campaign. I think it had something to do with the success of that campaign. It is good 'work,' so I sent some to Mark. A few days afterward I slipped on the street and wrenched my knee. When Clemens read about it he said: 'Poor Carnegie, he ought to have sent me all that 'work.'

"When he wrote to thank me for it his not was like this: 'If I had known what you were going to do when you stood by my bedside I would have presented you with my halo. It is a good halo; it is pure tine, and I paid the duty on it when it came down.'"

An Old-Time Railroad Pass

IN Marshall, Tex., is an old-time railroad pass, which may prove interesting on account of its age and because the men connected with it are now prominent in business in different parts of the United States.

This old pass is the property of J. E. Powell, familiarly called "Al" Powell, who is conductor on the Louisiana divisions of the Texas & Pacific railroad. Mr. Powell has had it in his possession for twenty-years. He values it highly.

When Mr. Powell first saw the pass, he expressed a wish to own it. It was then several years old. About a year later, when the owner was traveling on the train upon which Mr. Powell was conductor, he said: "Al, you want this old pass very badly, don't you?" and when Mr. Powell expressed a wish for it, it was given to him as a souvenir. It is in good condition yet.

The pass was printed in Marshall, in the Iron Age office, about 1871 or 1872, by W. B. Clark, who then ran the print shop on the public square. The Texas & Pacific railroad issued it August 23, 1873, to Floyd Shock, who at that time represented Van Beek, Benard & Tinsley, printers of St. Louis, and reads "From Marshall to Shreveport. Account of the transportation department. Good one way only. Not good unless used within —— days from date. And not transferable."

It is signed by John F. Dickson, general superintendent, and countersigned by W. H. Newman, general freight and passenger agent. Its number is 514.

Strange to say that, though this old pass is nearly thirty-seven years old, all of the men whose names appear on it are still living and are prominent business men in various parts of the country.

Floyd Shock, to whom the pass was issued, was then a traveling man, and is now in the Central National bank, St. Louis, Mo.

John F. Dickson, who signed the pass as general superintendent of the Texas & Pacific railroad, was the founder of the Marshall Car Wheel and Foundry company, and is now the owner of the Dickson foundry at Houston, Tex.

W. H. Newman, who countersigned the pass as general freight and passenger agent of the Texas & Pacific railroad, is the same Bill Newman widely known in the railroad world, who, for many years past, was president of the New York Central lines, and is now a director in many of the largest railroads in the United States.

Mr. Newman, who began his railroad career in Marshall, has gone up as high as any one could in his profession, and is recognized as one of the greatest railroad men in the country, still makes occasional trips to Marshall.

The pass was never used, and is still good, because it bears no time limit. It is stated that the reason it was not used was because shortly after it was issued yellow fever broke out in the neighborhood of Marshall.—Railroad Man's Magazine.